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Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job
work of all kinds, executed on short
notice with neatness and dispatch.

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to Order, and Dealers in Dry Goods,
Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps,
Boots & Shoes, Oil Cloths, etc. 34

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Manufacturer of first-class heavy, fine
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Shoes. Repairing neatly done. Oppo-
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Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds
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Single and Double, Lap-ropes, Blan-
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Satisfaction given as to quality and
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Office over Goit & Castle's. Orders
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Cutters, Sleighs, &c., and first-class
Covered or Open Brewster Buggies, or
Road Wagons. Repairing done on
the shortest notice. 48

B. S. STONE & CO.,
DEALERS IN

General Hardware, Stoves, Tin, Cop-
per and sheet-iron ware. Agents for
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence
& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.
Main street, Mexico, N. Y. 7y1

H. H. DOBSON,

DENTIST.

Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex-
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low-
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALL-
ING CARDS COMBINED

We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or
others so desiring, calling cards of any
size or quality, having on the reverse
side the Manual Alphabet, which many
people would be pleased to learn.

PRICE LIST.

25 Cards, with name,	25 cents.
50 " "	50 "
100 " "	\$1.00

EMANUEL SOUWEINE,
Designer and Engraver on wood,
169 Elm Street, CINCINNATI, O.
Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alpha-
bet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

SUBSCRIBE for the DEAF-MUTES' JOUR-
NAL—Only \$1.50 a year.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1878.

NUMBER 44.

POETRY.

WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love—
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day;
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold,
Next your heart, let it grow cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving father's feet,
Meet it.

If you've given light to see,
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether the life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet or clear,
Whispered down to every ear;

Heart it.

STORY TELLER.

A STORY OF THE TIMES.

The year after the panic the Broad-
way house that G—had been with
fifteen years came near failure, and
only saved itself by cutting down ev-
ery expense and sending off all the
high-priced men about the place. G—
had been getting \$75 a week for over
ten years, and had bought a pretty
little house up-town with some money
of his wife's and lived in easy style,
never dreaming of any other sort of
life. He found himself out in the cold
with a wife and three children, but as
he was very clever in his line there
couldn't be much doubt of his getting
something that would keep them well
enough.

He had been in the wholesale drug
trade, and beside had a very good tal-
ent for design, having studied the art
when he was young. He went to all
the houses in the business and got one
or two engagements, but the firms were
obliged, one after another, to cut down
expenses, and let their best men go in
a good many cases because they com-
manded the highest salaries. Things
looked shadowy; but he was certain to
get into business again in time, so
they lived economically, and didn't go
out except when friend sent them
tickets for a concert or picture gallery.

Mrs. G—was a splendid manager,
as women would say, and she retraced
her old hats and made over her
dresses till other people couldn't see
but that she was as well dressed as
any of them, and she made G—'s
dinners taste almost as well as ever,
though she began to do what they
never used to—retrench in the mar-
keting. That summer, the last of their
prosperous ones, she had put up, in
her handsome way of housekeeping,
two hundred glasses of currant jelly
and fifty cans of preserved strawberries.
Poor woman! She didn't know they
were going to stand between her and
absolute starvation.

But with no steady employment and
falling behind expenses all the time
things began to look very gloomy by
the beginning of the second winter.
The house was not all paid for and
the debt was pressing. They took
friends of their own to board with
them and made out the family expens-
es in that way very nicely till G—
came home with the announcement one
night that the debt must be met or a
foreclosure would be made at once.
Mrs. G—tried every way to prevent
the sacrifice, and showed an energy al-
most heroic to save the home of her
children. Her own mother's fortune
was so reduced by failures that it hard-
ly gave the old lady a home, and the
G—felt that they ought to help
her instead of asking aid in that quar-
ter. They had rich relatives, but the
one or two desperate appeals Mrs.
G—made to them decided her to
venture any other trial rather than ap-
ply to them again. It is the best way
with relatives in trouble. It shows
them what they have to expect, and
saves a great deal of annoyance.

This put an end to the boarding
business. They had not enough left to
take a good house again, and not car-
rying for appearances any more, now
that their dear, cosy home was sold,
Mrs. G—took rooms away out by
Bergen Heights out of reach and hear-
ing of all her old friends, and began
the battle with poverty in earnest.
She would not let any of her old friends
know her address, nor even went near
them, but dropped out of her old world
entirely. Her old friends might have
found her getting up liver hash for the
children's dinners or ironing her hus-

band's shirts to make him presentable
when he went out for employment.
Her clever woman's art still made the
cheap home not only pleasant but
handsome, and she set out the very
plain meals with as much attention as
if nothing were wanting of equipage
or society. All her womanly knack of
adornment was brought into practical
requirement. Her skill of making fancy
caps and neckties of lace and ribbon
was turned to account, in making them
for a fashionable shop. But the con-
fection which sold for \$3 or \$5 the
proprietor expected to get for seventy-
five cents, and the demand was limited.

G—could only get an odd job, like
illustrating a child's book or comic
almanac about holidays, or drawing
a highly spirited sketch for the
advertisement of a patent washer, a
new laundry soap or an insurance
company. Work that he once would
not have taken less than \$50 for
he was glad to do for \$20, and get his
pay when convenient or possible for
the employer to pay him. Rarely he
got a sketch taken by an illustrated
newspaper, for each had its corps of
men working hard to keep their places,
and with forty volunteers to fill the
vacancy if one fell behind. Indeed, it
would seem, as poor G—used to
say, as if there was no room for half
the people in the world and two-thirds
of them were not needed, anyhow.

But rent and coal and flour run out
the faster, it seems, when there is
nothing coming in for new supplies.
There was absolutely no work to be
had, and the coal was low. The hands-
ome silver, the heavy ladies that had
been Mrs. G—'s pride at her oyster
suppers after theater, the pretty
coffee and strawberry spoons that were
her last fashionable investment, and
which she meant to keep with such
pride for her little daughter's wedding
twenty years away, the card salvers
and cake basket, were looked upon
by the children's feet from the ground.
She wore a pair of leaky arctics
in her visits to newspaper offices,
because she had no shoes except a pair
of felt slippers to wear about the
house. No matter, her armure dress,
five seasons old, and expensive when
new, kept well, and hid the ungraceful
shoes; and she wore her home-made
dolman and hat which her clever fingers
turned out of old things as creditable
as any Broadway models could
have made them, with all her native
pride and an air that never failed to
bring her consideration above other
applicants.

She tried to get together a little
school, for she was more than passably
educated. She wrote children's songs
and stories, after she had been washer-
woman, cook and nursery governess
for her family all day, and got \$3 here
and \$5 there at rare intervals, enough
to keep the children's feet from the
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applicants.

She often walked from the Heights
to Madison square, to save car fare, af-
ter a breakfast of bread and tea, with
three cents hoarded to pay the ferry
back in case her hope of getting help
should be unsuccessful. Once a friend
slipped a \$1 into her hand to buy a
present for one of the children, not
knowing that she had provided the
whole family with the only food they
saw for three days. Thrift kept the
four at home on this allowance, and
the mother learned to market with nice
economy. A veal heart for ten cents,
with an onion and barley, made a stew
for two days, and in the short winter
days they needed but two meals a day.
The children sat and told stories and
went to bed happily by the light that
shone from the street lamps. Then
the kerosene lamp was lighted, and
the mother sat down to her portfolio
or work-basket.

There was so much that had to be
spent—the newspaper every morning
to see what advertisements of "help
wanted" there might be, then the pa-
per and postage stamps for answers
on the fare and lunch if the application
was made in person, then materials
for work, lace and silk and beads, and
advertisements inserted when there
was a dollar or two to spare in hopes
of something permanent to do. Mrs.
G—tried all the ways of making a
livelihood so well worn by
desperate efforts, taking children to
board with lessons and a mother's
care," advertising for a furnished house
to board the owner for rent, offering
herself as matron of a hotel or charita-
ble institution or to keep a linen room.

She even tried book canvassing,
and was moderately successful in in-
roducing children's histories, one
week by unceasing labor making \$6.
But the children, left in a neighbor's
care, ran wild and got sore throats, so
she had to stay at home and nurse
them, and that week the publisher
gave up employing agents. An adver-
tisement brought her before the secre-
tary of a charitable society, who ap-
pointed her with half a dozen other
women, solicitors for subscriptions to
the fund, paying them 20 per cent. of
all collections. Her thoroughly refined
air and good address made her very
successful at this work, which she ac-
cepted reluctantly, only for the sake of
those children waiting at home. Her
commissions were sometimes \$15 a
week, and other energetic solicitors
made more than this.

"Now, children," she said, speaking
with composure, and as if it were an
ordinary failure, "we're about out of
things, and you must eat what there
is till your father comes home, and
we'll have a good supper." So she
set the table carefully in the little sit-
ting-room, where she kept the only
fire, to save coal, put on all the ware
they had and served the crackers and
bread-stew delicately. They were too
hungry and good-humored to make
remarks, and ate with their usual jokes
and more than usual "cutting up,"
which their mother had no wish to
check. She did not eat, but as she had
not emptied the teapot in the morning
she poured boiling water on the grounds
and drank the thin tea with a little
sugar. The mother did not feel at all
hungry on that day of waiting.

The suspense of the afternoon grew

very hard to bear, as it drew toward
night. Three hearty children were to
be fed, and only three crackers in the
house. Suddenly she thought of her
currant jelly. Most of the two hun-
dred glasses had gone, sold for the
dinner table of rich neighbors, to go
with the venison roasts and game, but
she had kept a dozen back for sickness.
It was not come to worst, and their fa-
ther was fate, the children could keep
from famishing on that. Dark came,
and she consoled them for the hot supper
they craved with the promise for
once in their lives of all the jelly they
wanted, and set them down with their
crackers and two glasses of it. There
was reason enough for not sending to
the grocer's for anything. A two
months' bill was due, and credit in
that quarter was dubious. The chil-
dren were put to bed, and she sat
waiting for her husband till 10 o'clock.
He came in with a face of despair. He
had not been able to collect \$1.

A few repetitions of this miserable
experience stung the mother to abso-
lute desperation. She never, for one
moment, forgot her ladyhood, but she
was incessant, urgent in finding some
small chance of making dollars and
food for her children. Come what
would, they should not suffer, whatever
went in the balance. If you please,
madam, who read this, you have yet
to know how little pride, repulse, flesh
and blood, night-watching and day-
serving weigh against the sound of a
child's voice, saying, "I'm hungry,"
when there is no bread to give it. If
honor turns the scale, it is by a hair's
width "when she was dressed up."

But the scarlet fever swept the city,
and three sickened. Not a neighbor
would come near them for fear of in-
fection. The father was away all day
in a little post that brought a few dol-
lars a week, and the mother watched
by her children's beds day and night,
till she fainted with exhaustion, and the
medicines and stimulants ordered for
two days took a week's salary. G—
drew all in advance his employers
would allow, and then was forced to
stay at the house and take care of the
children. The mother lay on a bed
where she could see the sick children
either side of her, and drag herself to
them when wanted, or whisper direc-
tions, for her voice was gone with ex-
haustion.

She tried to get together a little
school, to save car fare, after a
breakfast of bread and tea, with
three cents hoarded to pay the ferry
back in case her hope of getting help
should be unsuccessful. Once a friend
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spent—the newspaper every morning
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wanted" there might be, then the pa-
per and postage stamps for answers
on the fare and lunch if the application
was made in person, and money was not
wanting, though no one cared to risk the infection by coming
near. The other family in the
house kept their doors locked for fear
of G—'s might come and ask for
help.

The doctor mentioned their need to
ladies who knew Mrs. G—slightly,
and wine and delicacies to
the sick came in enough to last for weeks,
and money was not wanting, though no
one cared to risk the infection by coming
near. The other family in the
house kept their doors locked for fear
of G—'s might come and ask for
help.

The crisis was past, and every care
was lost in the intense gladness of
seeing the children spared, when the
second morning the oldest boy, who
had suffered most, had a relapse, and
sank imperceptibly while his father
was watching, and died before his
mother could be called. It was no use
to wake her then, and her husband let
her sleep the death-like sleep of the
worn-out. The chill and scanty food
of the past months had weakened the
child so that he could not rally from
disease. His mother woke to find her
little, brave lover, her first born, pass-
ed away without a farewell.

It was the irony of fate, then, that
now her courage was taken away and

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, ED^r and Proprietor.

The DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL is issued every Friday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes to receive, contains the latest news and correspondence will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

At Rev. Mr. Mann's last service at Delaware, O., a lady received the sacrament of baptism.

A Mr. Johnson, and Miss Hall, the latter a graduate of the Ohio Institution, were recently married.

Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, can talk by signs, having learned the art from a mute friend, in his young days.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet attended the Church Congress held at Cincinnati last week, and made a brief address. The Rev. Mr. Mann was also present.

Two of our friends, Messrs. Smith and Haffield, of Dayton, O., are printers. Another, Mr. Mann, a subscriber of the JOURNAL, is a stone-cutter.

Mrs. Milton Jones, of Sand Hill, N. Y., has returned from Montgomery county, N. Y., where she has lately been spending a few weeks very pleasantly among friends.

A correspondent wants to know if the minutes of the Columbus convention have been published in pamphlet form. Will some one give the information through the JOURNAL?

Rev. W. C. Niemann, the celebrated deaf-mute base-ball player, formerly of the Pennsylvania Institution, continues at his work in his father's large tannery, in Mount Jackson, Pa.

As previously advertised in this paper, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, conducted services for deaf-mutes in Grace Church, T^hursday evening, October 24th.

The evening service was read by Dr. J. Cross, rector of the church, and interpreted for the deaf-mutes by Dr. Gallaudet. Then followed Dr. Gallaudet's discourse to the deaf-mutes, consisting of a short but interesting narration of the history of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," since its inauguration in 1850, and of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, which within the last few years has been organized and combined with the church.

Sixteen deaf-mutes were in attendance. Among them were Messrs. C. H. Cooper and C. O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Works and Chauncey Engle, of Hannibal, N. Y., and others.

At the close of the service the deaf-mutes repaired to the home of the editor of the JOURNAL, and enjoyed a very interesting, sociable and pleasant time.

HELP ASKED FOR AGED DEAF-MUTES.

In the town of Cicero, Onondaga Co., there live two aged uneducated deaf-mutes, John Colbridge and his sister Mrs. Gallup. The former is 80 and the latter about 75. Mr. Gallup is a hearing and speaking man, but he is broken down with old age and other infirmities. The three live together in a humble dwelling. They have seven dollars a month from the town, but, of course, need more than this to provide for the necessities of life. This brother and sister have always lived together. The former has been a hard-working, industrious man, doing all in his power for the support of his sister and her husband and himself. Now he can do no more. Unless some help comes from kind-hearted persons, it will be necessary to remove him from his sister's care, and this would break his heart. Donations for these aged pilgrims of silence may be sent to Mr. H. C. Rider, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, No. 9 West Eighteenth Street, N. Y.

DAVID Beatty, who was killed by the cars in the far West, was at Rev. Mr. Mann's last service in St. Louis. He was very anxious to find work, then, with very little prospect of success, as he stated. His face wore a most woe-begone expression. His language in describing his trials and disappointments will never be forgotten.

The venerable Mrs. Clerc, who has been spending the past summer at Litchfield, is coming to Hartford to-day, to her former boarding place near the Asylum. She was formerly for many years a successful teacher in the Asylum, but now lives with her parents at Longmeadow, Mass. If all deaf-mutes would carry as much sunshin in their faces as Miss Blanwell and Miss Storrs, the Asylum would be a very bright place, even on cloudy days.

IGNORANTLY, in regard to the topography of the place, we stated that, on some days, Pike's Peak could be seen from the Colorado Institution.

The *Inde* corrects the error for us, averring that it is impossible for the pupils of that school to stand in the doors or sit by the windows of the building and open their windows "without being confronted by the old giant mountain."

Mr. Noyes, the Principal of the Minnesota Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was in Hartford last evening, and called at the Asylum a few moments. He came from Minnesota to attend the funeral of his brother who died in New Hampshire last week. Mr. Noyes was looking very well, and said that all things were prosperous at the Minnesota Institution.—*Daily News*, Oct. 15, 1878.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird spent the last vacation at a Health Home in Pennsylvania on account of the ill health of Mrs. Bird, who has been suffering for some time from chronic rheumatism. When Mr. Bird returned to the Asylum in September he left Mrs. Bird at the Health Home. He has just heard from her that she is not improving in her health, so he started last night for Pennsylvania to bring her back to Hartford.—*Daily News*, Oct. 15, 1878.

Miss Greenlaw has gone to Durham, Conn., today to visit Mrs. White, the former Matron of the Asylum. Mrs. White was Matron for thirty-two years, from 1839 to 1871, and Miss Greenlaw succeeded her. Mrs. White is now living with her sister at Durham. Miss Greenlaw expects to return to the Asylum to-morrow. We hope that she will have a pleasant visit, and that Mrs. White will come and visit the Asylum some time.

—*Daily News*, Oct. 15, 1878.

According to the *Dime Savings Bank* in Hartford, Conn., has failed, and stopped returning money to people who formerly put it in the bank for safe keeping. Many poor people will suffer from this. Several deaf-mutes in Hartford have money in this bank, but cannot get it. Some of the teachers in the Asylum and other persons employed there will also lose some of their money by this failure. It is hard to know where to keep money safely now when so many men are dishonest.

JESUS McCARTHER, a deaf-mute, arrived in this city from Bangor, yesterday, in search of a sister who had recently moved here. On the journey she lost her trunk in which was her direction. She made known her case to Officer Barret, and he spent a portion of the day in an attempt to find her friends, but up to noon no trace of them was found. Later, however, a friend of the family was found, but was not aware that any of her relatives were in Gloucester, though she took the unfortunate woman in charge and started to find her relatives, but with no better success than had the officers. Mrs. McCarter is about 30 years of age, and gives the name of her sister as Mrs. Mary West, and says she has been here some six weeks. Any information relating to her can be left with Mr. Marshall Moore or sent to this office.—*Cape Ann Gloucester, Mass.* Bulletin, Oct. 23, 1878.

ELSEWHERE is published our Washington correspondence, in which occurs an item in this wise: "I admit that the JOURNAL is better than the *Advocate* at 'dummy' news-giving, for the editor of the former paper has nothing else to do but to edit his paper, while the *Advocate* man, who is himself a teacher, has to give his attention to the making up of his paper outside of the school hours." This is a wrong impression, which seems to be general among the deaf-mutes. For ourselves we have to work at our case as much of the time as the *Advocate* man spends in teaching, to say nothing of the many petty cares to which we have to pay attention. We entertain the best friendly feelings toward both our Washington correspondents and the *Advocate* man, but we wish to know who has seen the *Advocate* improved in any respect, that can be referred to, during the vacation of the Illinois Institution.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, and Prof. Job Turner are expected to be at the church services for deaf-mutes to be held at Amherst, N. H., November 10th, unless Rev. Thomas Gallaudet can find it convenient to attend. Professor D. E. Bartlett, of Hartford, Conn., has declined an invitation to be present, on account of the infirmities of years. It is hoped and expected that the meeting will prove to be one of great success, and of much interest.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

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All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THE DEAF-MUTE WORSHIP AT MEXICO, N. Y.

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The pupils of the American Asylum miss their usual supply of grapes from the Asylum garden this year. The late frosts last spring killed the grape buds and there are no grapes upon the vines this fall.

We have received a number of back sheets of the *Daily News*, printed at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., and would be glad to receive the five papers every week in exchange for the JOURNAL sent to the institution.

CHARLES H. Hyer, foreman of the shoe-shop at the Kansas Institution, while playing baseball, was quite severely injured by coming in collision with another player.

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THROUGH private sources the *Mirror* learns that yellow fever has been raging at the Louisiana Blind Institution, at Baton Rouge, that several pupils have been taken away, and that it is feared that the terrible disaster will have a bad effect upon the school this year.

Mr. John H. Harris, a deaf-mute, of St. Paul, Minn., is foreman of the *Newspaper Chronicle*, one of the leading weekly newspapers in the north-western portion of the West. He does all the work, besides "make up," and has but three apprentices with him. This speaks very well for a deaf-mute.

Mr. William H. Weeks, a teacher at the American Asylum, brought to the institution October 9th an apple-blossom which he had just picked from a tree from which a large crop of apples was recently gathered. Fine apples and apple-blossoms are not often seen upon the same tree at the same time.

DAVID Beatty, who was killed by the cars in the far West, was at Rev. Mr. Mann's last service in St. Louis. He was very anxious to find work, then, with very little prospect of success, as he stated. His face wore a most woe-begone expression. His language in describing his trials and disappointments will never be forgotten.

The venerable Mrs. Clerc, who has been spending the past summer at Litchfield, is coming to Hartford to-day, to her former boarding place near the Asylum. She was formerly for many years a successful teacher in the Asylum, but now lives with her parents at Longmeadow, Mass. If all deaf-mutes would carry as much sunshin in their faces as Miss Blanwell and Miss Storrs, the Asylum would be a very bright place, even on cloudy days.

IGNORANTLY, in regard to the topography of the place, we stated that, on some days, Pike's Peak could be seen from the Colorado Institution.

The *Inde* corrects the error for us, averring that it is impossible for the pupils of that school to stand in the doors or sit by the windows of the building and open their windows "without being confronted by the old giant mountain."

Mr. Noyes, the Principal of the Minnesota Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was in Hartford last evening, and called at the Asylum a few moments. He came from Minnesota to attend the funeral of his brother who died in New Hampshire last week. Mr. Noyes was looking very well, and said that all things were prosperous at the Minnesota Institution.—*Daily News*, Oct. 15, 1878.

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Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 1878.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—On Friday afternoon, August 2d, my wife and I took passage in the steamboat from New York to New London, through the East River and Long Island Sound. We reached New London about half past twelve in the night, and were, of course, aroused by the commotion on reaching the wharf. We were settling ourselves down for sleep till morning when I heard a knock at our state-room door. I said we were not going by the train to Boston. Again a knock was heard, and my name was called. I opened the door and found friends in waiting to drive us to the residence of Mr. W. W. Parkin, near the Pequot House. It was an early ride, but we enjoyed it very much. After a good night's rest, the family gave us a kindly welcome at the breakfast table.

On Sunday I officiated at the Pequot Chapel. At the 5:30 p.m. service I addressed the congregation in relation to "The C. M. to D. M." with its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

On Wednesday we proceeded to Marblehead, Mass., and became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Swett. The next day Mr. Swett gave Mr. Thomas Brown and myself a pleasant ride to look at a farm in Beverly, and one in Peabody, in connection with the proposed New England Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes.

On Friday forenoon, in St. Michael's Church, I baptized Walter Harrington, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Bowden.

In the afternoon, during a terrible thunder storm, the second annual meeting of the trustees of the Industrial Home was held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. The treasurer reported the fund as amounting to about \$2,000. The first biennial report was read and adopted, and a committee of three appointed, with power to purchase property for the Home.

My wife and I took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Denison, of Washington, D. C., at their beautiful boarding place, and spent the evening in extended conversation.

On Saturday we took an early train for Boston, and pushed immediately on for Saratoga Springs, where hospitality was extended to us at the rectory by the Rev. Dr. Carey and his family.

On Sunday forenoon, August 11th, I had the privilege of addressing, at Bethesda Church, a congregation of 1,000 people, from all parts of our country, in relation to the "C. M. to D. M." At 3:45 p.m. we had a special service for deaf-mutes. Quite a number came from the surrounding towns. In the evening I interpreted the service and sermon. The latter was preached by the Rev. Mr. Gray, of Garrison's, N.Y.

We spent Monday and Tuesday in seeing the sights of that wonderful place of resort, and passed on by the night train via Schenectady to Buffalo. After breakfast at the Tife House we became the guests of Mrs. Welch, at her residence on Delaware street. Her beautiful deaf-mute son, while a pupil at the New York Institution some years ago, was taken to paradise through a sudden and terrible death on the railroad. In the afternoon our friends, Sister Ellen and Sister Elizabeth, of the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, New York, came in the carriage of a friend, and gave us a ride through an interesting portion of the city. We found Dr. Pierce's new hotel well worth a visit.

In the evening we began, in St John's Church, the series of services in the interests of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, which had been planned with so much care and skill by the Rev. A. W. Mann. In the absence of the rector, Rev. Mr. Hughes, Mr. Mann and I conducted the service. Having been kindly entertained by the Rev. Mr. Mills and wife, the next day, in Erie, we had evening service in St. Paul's Church.

On Friday, as we went from Erie to Cleveland, we met Dr. J. L. Peet and Mr. Job Turner, on their way to the convention. In Cleveland, Mr. Mann took us to his own home, No. 24 William street, where we had a delightful visit with his wife, her sister, and brother, not forgetting little Harry. We had evening service in St. Paul's Church, but, owing to a severe thunder storm, the congregation was small. The deaf-mutes outnumbered the hearing and speaking people. The rector, Mr. Rullison, was absent.

Early Saturday morning my wife and I went to Columbus, leaving Mr. Mann to follow in the afternoon. You have published quite full notes of the convention. I will not, therefore, enter into details. The hospitality extended by the superintendent, Mr. Fay, and his associates, acting under the authorities of the great State of Ohio, was bountiful and hearty. The members of the convention, and their friends, felt at home on their arrival, and said their farewells with regret. The impression was produced upon my mind, as I met the members in convention and in social intercourse, that the teachers of the deaf and dumb were generally conscientious, hard-working men and women, striving, according to the light and knowledge they had received, to promote the best interests of the deaf-mutes of our country. The trustees of several institutions were present, and made valuable suggestions as to the management of our institutions.

On Sunday, August 18th, Rev. Mr. Mann and I officiated at St. Paul's Church, Columbus, in the forenoon and evening. At the former service my

brother, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, kindly interpreted my sermon on the text "Be strong in the Lord." At the latter service, it was my privilege to baptize Mr. Simpson, a recent graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College.

On Thursday, the 22d, our little party, Mr. Mann, my wife and myself, said good bye to our friends and went to Cincinnati, where we had a "combined service" in the evening at Christ Church. We went that night to Dayton, where we had a good rest Day before we reached the Beckel House.

We reached Indianapolis about 6 p.m. and, after supper with Mrs. MacIntyre, at the institution, had a service in St. Paul's Church. Traveling all night, we reached St. Louis, Saturday morning. Mr. Mann went to his usual quarters in St. Luke's Hospital, and my wife and I became the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, whose son is a classmate of my son in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. We had a good visit in that great city of the West, with services at Christ Church, and the Church of the Holy Communion, on Sunday, and St. John's Church on Monday evening.

On Sunday afternoon, in Christ Church, there was a congregation of about 80 deaf-mutes.

On Monday we consulted with several gentlemen in relation to plans for a day-school for deaf-mutes, in St. Louis, and attended the picnic of our deaf-mute friends at the fair grounds. We also visited several objects of interest, and were delighted with "Shaw's Garden."

On Tuesday we reached Springfield, Ill., where the Rev. Mr. Phillips, and Colonel Harlow, the Secretary of State, showed us great kindness. After seeing the modest house in which President Lincoln lived, going through the magnificent State House, (the dome of which is 365 feet high,) and admiring the massive Lincoln Monument, in the cemetery north of the city, we had service at the church in the evening.

The next day, in Quincy, we were met at the station by Rev. Dr. Corby, and Rev. Mr. Larabee, who conducted us to the residence of the banker, Mr. Root, where we were kindly entertained. We had evening service in St. John's Cathedral.

On Thursday we found ourselves in Galesburg, where the rector of Grace Church, Rev. Mr. Higgins, and his parishioners extended us hospitality at the Union Hotel. After evening service, at which I baptized two children (of different families), each having deaf-mute parents, we had a reception in the parlors of the hotel. We were glad to see, among others, our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Hatch. The letter was known to many of your readers, years ago, as "Miss Mary Holt."

In Princeton, on Friday, we had a charming visit at the home of General Henderson and wife. The latter's sister, Miss Virginia Butler, lives with her. As Miss Butler and my wife were very intimate schoolmates at the New York Institution, they improved their opportunity for living over again the past, asking and answering many questions.

At the Church of the Redeemer, in the evening, we tried, as we had done at all our combined services, to interest the congregation in the C. M. to D. M., with its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

Saturday afternoon we arrived in Chicago. Mr. Mann went to his friends; Mrs. G. and I went to the residence of our cousin, Mr. Budd. On Sunday we had services at St. James and Grace Churches, and on Monday evening at the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. I was glad to meet the lay-reader, Mr. Holmes, who, I trust, will be blessed in the work to which he has been prudentially called.

On Tuesday night we had a good service in Trinity Church, Fort Wayne, the rector, Rev. Mr. Tate, having worked hard to get together the deaf-mutes in the neighboring towns.

The next day, on reaching Mansfield, O., the rector of Grace Church, Rev. Dr. Bronson, conducted us to the Wiley House, as guests of his parish. The combined service in the evening was well attended, and helped on our work.

On Thursday morning, September 5th, we took a very early start, and reached Pittsburgh at noon. Our friend, Mr. Thomas McClurg, met us at the station, and invited us to dine with him at the Central Hotel. We afterwards went to his residence, on the south side, and had a pleasant visit with his family.

Our evening service was held in Trinity Church, the rector of which, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, has done a great deal to encourage Mr. Mann, and sustain the mission to deaf-mutes in his parish. After service my zealous and efficient co-worker, Rev. Mr. Mann, bade us good-bye, and started for his home in Cleveland.

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The workers in the different departments of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes ask for the prayers of all their friends.

Yours truly,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

FEALTY TO HIS OWN STATE.

With an upturned Irish nose, into which the odor of Carter's writing fluid (if it has some) is flowing, over a bottle of which is directly the sense of smell, surely not breathing for revenge (an Irishman is seldom revengeful, which I say with pride, national pride), but to bring to pass a perfect understanding with you, Messrs. "Milo" and "J. F. D." stopping reading in the "Last Days of Pompeii," in which I have followed the Athenian Glaucon and the gloomy Egyptian Arbaces, who were contending for the Neapolitan bone, indeed, with great reluctance, being anxious to know the result of that most romantic love-suit, I take up a pen-holder, to which I have joined an elastic gold pen, that I may finish this letter sooner than otherwise, so as to let me resume the journey in the "City of the Dead."

I was utterly astonished at the temerity with which you denied, with a great show of words, my statement in regard to the scholarship of the Ohio and New York students at this college, which I had taken great pains to give the readers of the *Advance* as correct as possible an idea of. In that letter I was speaking of the Buckeye and Knickerbocker college boys, not of the Ohio and New York Institution pupils, as you affected to believe; and there I was particularly merciful with respect to the latter school. Now that I have been said to "land the Ohio Institution to the sky, while taking care to injure the world-wide (a big word indeed, which has rather widened my optics) reputation of the New York Institution," and that the Gotham correspondent has humorously written to me that his school was too much of a luminary to be so brilliant, as it were, as the *Ohio Star*, which, said he, had blurred my vision, I conclude it is not out of place here to lay before the readers the record of the New York students; I mean those who came lately, as well as that of the Ohio boys, so that they may compare them fairly.

In the autumn of the Centennial year one fellow came, sailing, with a gold medal, glittering on his breast, which he had won for being the best scholar in the High Class at the New York Institution, and was admitted to the lower preparatory class, in accordance with the merits of his examination, lower place than that he wanted to land in. At present he is still no freshman, though he was in the advanced preparatory class last year. Two other rather adventurous boys from Gotham entered the college last fall, and failed to pass most of their examinations, and their names were nowhere on the roll containing those of the students who were admitted from the lower preparatory class to the advanced preparatory last June. These facts will sufficiently contradict the assertion of "Milo" that New York has never sent one to college who is not well prepared, and naturally led me to believe the contrary of those eloquent letters that both "Milo" and "J. F. D." made concerning the efficiency of the institution from which these unsuccessful, or, more mercifully, unlucky lads had come as specimens. I was a "prep" like them, and have ascended another step, yet "J. F. D." spoke of my "rather forgetful" mind, with which, if so, I wonder I have passed my examinations, when good memory is among the necessities.

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MY BACHELORHOOD.

BY J. E. G.

The following stanzas, written in a humorous manner to create laughter, was originally written (having been changed several times) by one of Illinois' graduates, a semi-mute, who is understood to be a waz.

They say he who hath a wife happy must be,
But this is not applicable to all married folks,

It is not good that man should be alone,

But too often the woman lets the man alone!

The world at best is a weary way,

Domestic Economy.

Several Ways for Cooking Spring Chickens.

If you have the conveniences for doing it, keep some spring chickens cooked for two or three weeks before killing and feed them on scraps from the kitchen and grain. They will be plump and much better flavored than those just from market. Never broil a chicken unless sure that it is young. Having ascertained that it is tender, split it down the back, wash and wipe perfectly dry, place upon a grid-iron, inside downward, cover with a tin pan and watch carefully turning, several times. It will take from twenty-five minutes to three-quarters of an hour, according to the size. Many cooks brush the fowl over with melted butter before broiling. This is a poor plan. The butter is apt to burn and the chicken will become blackened. A chicken is, or ought to be, fat enough to broil itself without the addition of butter. When it is tender and brown remove to a hot dish, lay lumps of butter over it, sprinkle with finely minced parsley, add a few drops of lemon juice, pepper and salt, cover and set in the oven for a few minutes until the butter is absorbed.

The southern negro cook has an excellent and simple way of preparing young chickens. Cut them into pieces, sprinkle with pepper and salt and dredge with flour. Have ready a saute-pan, with hot fat extracted from salt pork, in which fry, or rather saute, the chickens, covering them, and watching that they may not burn. Take up, drain and set aside in a hot covered dish. Pour into the gravy left in the frying-pan a cup of rich milk, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, add a lump of butter, some parsley and young celery plant minced, boil up, season to taste and pour over the hot chicken.

If you are uncertain about the youth of your fowls the following is a nice way to prepare them. Split down the back as for broiling and baste upward, in baking-pan. Season with salt and pepper, lay slices of fat pork over the breast, put a lump of butter and a cup of hot water in the pan and bake in a rather hot oven. Baste frequently and when done remove to a hot dish. Thicken the gravy in the baking-pan, add a lump of butter, and a dozen minced mushrooms, boil up and pour into a britt and send to table with the baked chicken.

Cauliflower, asparagus, baked tomatoes or peas are each good in their season with young chickens cooked in any of the preceding ways. A salad of lettuce or water cress is also a nice accompaniment.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Scalloped Oysters.

Do not drain the liquor from the oysters, but fork them out of it as you use them; in that way as much liquor as you require adheres to them. Use stale bread, and do not crumb it too fine, or it will be clammy. Half a teacupful of cream, two great spoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper. Oysters part with a great deal of moisture in cooking, and, if the mixture is too wet, the carriage struck a curb-stone, both the occupants were thrown out. Mr. Butler was killed and Mrs. Butler received serious, if not fatal, injuries. Mr. Butler was proprietor of the Elm Flax Mills.

Up to September 28th an even one hundred cargoes of this year's crop of wheat had passed out of the Golden Gate. The aggregate tonnage of the same was 178,156, worth \$6,037,497, the largest export of wheat during the first quarter of any harvest year in the history of San Francisco, and the work is but fairly begun.

The Chinese in San Francisco number 32,000, including 7,000 servants. Five thousand are cigar makers, 3,000 tailors, 2,800 boot and shoe makers, 1,500 laundrymen, 1,000 merchants and professional men, 1,400 professional gamblers, 2,500 pedlars, and the rest are fishermen, laborers, and miscellaneous. There are 2,000 Chinese in San Francisco.

A gang of five train robbers and notorious desperadoes was surprised and one of its members captured by several sheriff's and a strong posse of men, who attacked them two hundred miles west of Kansas City, on the 19th inst. Another of the gang was wounded, but made his escape, and three others of the gang fled, but were pursued by the posse.

The whole management of the City of Glasgow Bank, namely, the Secretary, Managing Director and six directors, were arrested on the 19th inst. in the charge of fraud. They are confined separately, and not allowed to communicate with anybody. They all surrendered without trouble, and so on until the stand is full. Cover over with cabbage leaves, place on top a clean board fitting the space pretty well, and on the top of that a stone weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. Stand away in a cool place, and when hard freezing comes on remove to the cellar. It will be ready for use in from four to six weeks. The Savoy variety makes the best article, but it is only half as productive as the Drumhead and Flat Dutch."

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—To two coffee-cups of mashed sweet potato (boiled) add one teaspoonful sugar, one teaspoonful butter, four eggs, one teaspoonful sweet cream, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoon lemon (extract) and a pinch of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of water. Beat the eggs light, add sugar and butter rubbed to a cream, stir all together into the mashed potato while hot. Cover a deep plate with puff paste, and pour in the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven; when done, cover the top with slices of fruit marzipan, and sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar.

Thomas P. Wallace, the brewer, of New York, has purchased the celebrated gray gelding Hopeful, which trotted against time in Chicago, scoring the three fastest heats trotted to a wagon, the time being 2:14, 2:17, and 2:17. Hopeful's record in harness is 2:14. The price paid for him by Mr. Wallace to Alfred Richmond is said to have been \$25,000. Mr. Wallace is the owner of Darby, Triumph, Henry, White Stocking, and several of the best trotters in the country.

CONDENSED NEWS.

OBSTACLES SURMOUNTED.

In Tokio, Japan, 7,000 workmen are employed at making safety matches.

The Duke of Devonshire lately cleared \$100,000 by a sale of short horn stock.

The Muncie, Ind., *Times* and post-office building burned October 21st. Loss, \$10,000.

The King of Italy has accepted the resignation of Ministers Corti, Brusco and Brocchetti.

An illicit distillery with 25,000 gallons of mash, in Cherry street, New York, was destroyed by revenue officers on the 20th inst.

A dyke on the Damieta branch of the River Nile recently burst, and it being impossible to repair it, 10,000 men were put to work building an other.

Potter, who left Albany, N. Y., April 10th, reached San Francisco on the 15th inst., having accomplished hisfeat of trundling a wheelbarrow from the former to the latter city.

The Stagle Brothers, who owned a farm of 2,200 acres in Fayette county, Ohio, have failed, with liabilities of over \$120,000, of which it is thought they can pay about ten cents on a dollar.

A Russian paper advocates a plan for adding 350,000 soldiers to the present army, and adds that in a few years by the proposed method an army of 2,000,000 combatants could be produced.

Patrick Purcell, Nelson Ladue, and Edward Burns, New York masked burglars, who committed a burglary at Fairview, N. J., August 25th, have been convicted by the Jersey City Court of Sessions.

During the storm of the 18th and 19th there were several disasters on the northern lakes, and among other accidents the schooner Dan Lyons collided with the schooner Kata Gillett and sank at the foot of Lake Michigan.

"Buffalo Bill," a lunatic and an inmate of the Suffolk County Almshouse, (N. Y.) recently escaped, and, although manacled so he could go but five or six inches at a step, he traveled nearly twenty-five miles before he was captured.

The next trial of Nathan Orlando Greenfield, who has twice been tried on the charge of wife murder in October, 1875, is to take place in Onondaga county, the case having been removed from Oswego county at the request of his counsel.

A recent London despatch announced the failure of Lacleur & Mason, shipping merchants; Alexander Ball & Son; and James Morton & Co., one of the firms largely indebted to the Glasgow Bank, with liabilities of from £2,000,000 to £2,500,000.

While Patrick Butler and his wife, of New York, were riding in their carriage in Central Park the horses ran away, the carriage struck a curb-stone, and the occupants were thrown out. Mr. Butler was killed and Mrs. Butler received serious, if not fatal, injuries. Mr. Butler was proprietor of the Elm Flax Mills.

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OBSTACLES SURMOUNTED.

A HANDBEAD DEAF-MUTE LEAVES HOME AND FRIENDS TO MARRY A LOVER OF HER OWN SEEKING, WHO IS ALSO DEAF.

In every land, in every clime where the Bible is found and its precepts taught, where Christianity and civilization prevails, marriage is recognized as a sacred custom, and though the responsibilities incident to a life of "double blessedness" are many and are universally recognized, there is a sort of natural law, or more properly, perhaps, inclination which draws the sexes together and proclaims to loving hearts that "man was not made to live alone." This feeling at some time in life is undoubtedly recognized by every human bosom, and there is no heart but that would delight to beat in response to the swelling, loving throb of some other heart. No difference what the circumstances attendant on their lives may be, there seems no exception to the rule, and with all the principle is recognized.

Since the daughters were made fair and gallant, maidens confiding and young men brave, where hearts have joined in love, it has generally required more than parental disapproval to prevent the union of hands and destinies.

The incident which we shall relate only confirms these conclusions. Because there are more points, peculiar and interesting than one, we have recorded these objections.

The young lady who has thus joined her destiny with that of another is a deaf-mute daughter of Mr. John Mann, who keeps a grocery store on the corner of Franklin and Shelby streets.

Louise, for that is her name, was educated at the Deaf and Dumb School at Danville, Ky. She, it appears, was not only bright and intelligent, but was also very beautiful, and quite naturally created a flame in the heart of a fellow-pupil named L. Rusk, who is now entering the kingdom," says the Master.

And from that time Mr. Parsons had no more trouble at Pottsville about his dinners.

Childhood.

A man ought never to get rid of his childhood. He may put away childish things and retain what is sweet and beautiful in childhood.

There is a simple faith, innocence and a liberty of childhood which should be carried up into and become the bloom of our manhood. We are timid of the man whose life brought with it none of the fragrances of boyhood, who can not be a boy again, whenever burdens of maturer years may be laid aside. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye can not enter the kingdom," says the Master.

CHURCH NOTICES.

REV. W. M. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS FOR NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

November 1st, Akron, Ohio.

" 3d, Cleveland, "

" 7th, Marion, "

" 8th, Muncie, Indiana,

" 10th, Indianapolis, "

" 12th to 15th, Home,

" 17th, Detroit, Michigan,

" 18th, Pontiac, "

" 19th, Flint, "

" 20th, Jackson, "

" 21st, Michigan City, Ind.

" 22d, Rockford, Illinois,

" 24th, Chicago, "

" 25th to 28th, Home.

December 1st, St. Louis, Missouri.

" 3d and 4th, Home.

" 5th, Columbus, Ohio.

" 6th, Dayton, "

" 8th, Cincinnati, "

" 9th, Delaware, "

" 10th to 12th, Home.

" 13th, Buffalo, New York.

" 15th, Pittsburgh, Pa.

" 22d, Cleveland, Ohio.

" 29th, Cleveland, "

All who are interested are asked to assist in making these notices as general as possible. All correspondence relating to services and other matters will be attended to with due promptness.

The Sun for 1879.

This Sun will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and method will be the same as in the past: To present all the news of a readable shape, and to tell the truth through the news fall.

Tax Sun has been, is, and will continue to be independent of everybody and everything save the Truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the only policy which an independent newspaper can have, and it is a policy which has won for this paper the confidence and friendliness of a wider constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American Journal.

This Sun is the newspaper for the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, or for the poor man against the rich man. It is to be open to all to compete equally in all interests in the community, sect or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rogues every time. It is for the honest Democrats against the dishonest Republicans, and for the honest Republicans against the dishonest Democrats. It does not take sides with any party or political organization. It gives its support unreservedly when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this Republic was founded, and its enemies when they are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876 by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he was placed to speak for the right, and remained in power of independence.

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161 State Street, Chicago.

WOULD NOT BELIEVE.

Being constantly busy, a worthy advocate hit upon the brilliant device, when any one knocked, of opening the door and saying he wasn't in.

This ingenious plan succeeded wonderfully for a while, till along came a client who knew him.

"What?" said the client, "you say M. X. is not in. Why are M. X."

"That's the way with you people!"

"I chit of a servant girl had said I wasn't in, you'd believe her quick

ly enough, but when I tell you, you won't take my word."

It is not unfrequently happens, in